A CHAPTER ON AUTOGRAPHY BY EDGAR ALLAN POE· EDITED BY DON C· SEITZ· PUBLISHED AT THE SIGN OF THE CUPID AND LION BY LINCOLN MAC VEAGH AT THE DIAL PRESS· NEW YORK· MCMXXVI

A CHAPTER ON AUTOGRAPHY

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

Edited by Don C. Seitz

A remarkable piece of writing, never thoroughly edited before and omitted from most editions of Poe's works, is here presented in attractive form. It will constitute a genuine addition to any Poe collection. For the general reader, the estimates which Poe gives of his celebrated contemporaries will provide interest, and sometimes astonishment; while the host of forgotten writers here gravely considered, whose titles Mr. Seitz has been at such pains to search, will afford considerable amusement as eloquent testimony to the vanity of literary reputation.

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A CHAPTER ON AUTOGRAPHY

Edgar A. Poe

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FOREWORD

In a forgotten number of the *Southern Literary Messenger,* the late Charles Godfrey Leland discovered this chapter on autography, written by the author of "The Raven." Leland became editor of P. T. Barnum's *Illustrated News,* the first number of which came out on January 1, 1853, and in its third issue, that of January 15th, he began the republication of the Poe dissertation. It was continued in three subsequent issues. Discussing the article, Leland wrote:

"Many years ago it was our fortune to meet with a work, written by some speculative phrenologist, in which an attempt was made to combine every possible indication of mind or disposition into a single science. The author had pressed into his service phrenology, physiognomy, and temperament, with all of the physical indications of character so much discussed during the last century. But the most interesting—in fact the most important of all—was omitted. We refer to that afforded by handwriting.

"No writer of modern times had pushed research to a greater extent on this interesting subject of autography, than Edgar Allan Poe. We are not prepared to speak of him as precisely the originator or inventor of the doctrine that character is indicated by handwriting, since, unless our memory deceives us, we have

somewhere seen a work printed at London, during the reign of Charles the Second, in which the theory was distinctly enunciated; and Swedenborg, in speaking of the intuitive powers of perception peculiar to the inmates of a higher sphere, asserts that they can read the character of any mortal, not merely by his signature, but from the manner in which he draws a single line with a pen. The following remarks on the handwriting and character of several of our American *literati*, were written and published many years ago by the late Mr. Poe, but for some reason were omitted from the collected works of that ingenious and brilliant author, by his editor. We shall, in another number, give the remainder of Mr. Poe's series of illustrations, hoping that the wretched imitations of them which have lately appeared in some contemporary journals will not have prejudiced any one from reading and properly appreciating the acute critic's speculation. Mr. Poe succeeded in giving to his paragraphs the appearance, at least, of scientific deductions."

The manner in which Poe procured his autographs is seen in the following letter sent by him from the office of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, whereby he sought contributions from the elect:

"Richmond, Octo. 8, 1835.

"Dr. Sir:

"At the request of Mr. Thomas W. White, proprietor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, pub-

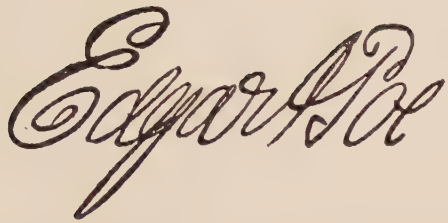
lished in this city, I take the liberty of addressing you, and soliciting your aid in the way of occasional or regular contributions to his magazine. Being well aware that your time is fully occupied, I confess that I have little hope of being able so far to interest you in behalf of a merely Southern journal, as to obtain that assistance which you have refused to your more immediate neighbors. But the value of any contribution you might afford us rendered it incumbent upon me to make the attempt, at all events, in accordance with his desire.

Very respy,
Yr. Ob. St.,
Edgar A. Poe.

Dr. R. M. Bird,
Philadelphia."

I have been unable to discover that this curious study by Mr. Poe of his contemporaries was ever included in Poe's works as published in book form, and venture to commend it to collectors and those interested in the study of handwriting as an unique item.

D. C. S.



A CHAPTER ON AUTOGRAPHY

UNDER this head, there appeared, in the *Southern Literary Messenger,* an article which attracted very general attention, not less from the nature of its subject, as from the peculiar manner in which it was handled. The editor introduces his readers to a certain Mr. Joseph Miller, who, it is hinted, is not merely a descendant of the illustrious Joe, of jest-book notoriety, but that identical individual in proper person. Upon this point, however, an air of uncertainty is thrown by means of an *equivoque,* maintained throughout the paper, in respect to Mr. Miller's middle name. This *equivoque* is put into the mouth of Mr. M. himself. He gives his name, in the first instance, as Joseph A. Miller, but, in the course of conversation, shifts it to Joseph B., then to Joseph C. and so on through the whole alphabet, until he concludes by desiring a copy of the magazine to be sent

to his address as Joseph Z. Miller, Esq. The object of his visit to the editor is to place in his hands the autographs of certain distinguished American *literati*. To these people he had written rigmarole letters on various topics, and in all cases had been successful in eliciting a reply. The replies only (which, it is scarcely necessary to say, are all fictitious) are given in the magazine, with a genuine autograph facsimile appended, and are either burlesques of the supposed writer's usual style, or rendered otherwise absurd by reference to the nonsensical questions imagined to have been propounded by Mr. Miller. The autographs thus given are twenty-six in all—corresponding to the twenty-six variations in the initial letter of the hoaxer's middle name. With the public this article took amazingly well, and many of our principal papers were at the expense of reprinting it with woodcut autographs. Even those whose names had been introduced, and whose style had been burlesqued, took the joke, generally speaking, in good part. Some of them were at a loss what to make of the matter. Dr. W. E. Channing of Boston, was at some trouble, it is said, in calling to mind whether he had or had not actually written to some Mr. Joseph Miller the letter attributed to him in the article. The letter was nothing more than what follows:

"BOSTON,——

DEAR SIR,—No such person as Philip Philpot has ever been in my employ as a coachman or

otherwise. The name is an old one, and not likely to be forgotten. The man must have reference to some other Dr. Channing. It would be as well to question him closely.

Respectfully yours,
W. E. Channing.

To Joseph X. Miller, Esq."

The precise and brief sententiousness of the divine is here, it will be seen, very truly adopted, or "hit off." In one instance only was the jeu-d'esprit taken in serious dudgeon. Colonel Stone and the *Messenger* had not been upon the best terms. Some one of the Colonel's little brochures had been severely treated by that journal, which declared that the work would have been far more properly published among the quack advertisements in a spare corner of the *Commercial*. The Colonel had retaliated by wholesale vituperation of the *Messenger*. This being the state of affairs, it was not to be wondered at that the following epistle was not quietly received on the part of him to whom it was attributed:

"New York,——

Dear Sir—I am exceedingly and excessively sorry that it is out of my power to comply with your rational and reasonable request. The subject you mention is one with which I am utterly

unacquainted. Moreover it is one about which I know very little.

Respectfully,
W. L. Stone.

Joseph V. Miller, Esq."

These tautologies, autologies and anti-climaces were too much for the Colonel, and we are ashamed to say that he committed himself by publishing in the *Commercial* an indignant denial of ever having indited such an epistle. The principal feature of this autograph article, although perhaps the least interesting, was that of the editorial comment upon the supposed MSS., regarding them as indicative of character. In these comments the design was never more than semi-serious. At times, too, the writer was evidently led into error or injustice through the desire of being pungent—not unfrequently sacrificing truth for the sake of a *bon mot*. In this manner qualities were often attributed to individuals, which were not so much indicated by their handwriting, as suggested by the spleen of the commentator. But that a strong analogy does generally and naturally exist between every man's chirography and character, will be denied by none but the unreflecting. It is not our purpose, however, to enter into the philosophy of this subject, either in this portion of the present paper, or in the abstract. What we may have to say will be introduced elsewhere, and in connection with particular MSS.

The practical application of the theory will go thus hand in hand with the theory itself. Our design is threefold—In the first place, seriously to illustrate our position that the mental features are indicated (with certain exceptions) by the handwriting; secondly, to indulge in a little literary gossip; and, thirdly, to furnish our readers with a more accurate and at the same time a more general collection of the autographs of our *literati* than is to be found elsewhere. Of the first portion of this design we have already spoken. The second speaks for itself. Of the third, it is only necessary to say that we are confident of its interest for all lovers of literature. Next to the person of a distinguished man of letters, we desire to see his portrait—next to his portrait, his autograph. In the latter, especially, there is something which seems to bring him before us in his true idiosyncrasy—in his character of scribe. The feeling which prompts to the collection of autographs is a natural and rational one. But complete, or even extensive collections, are beyond the reach of those who themselves do not dabble in the waters of literature. The writer of this article has had opportunities, in his way, enjoyed by few. The MSS. now lying before him are a motley mass indeed. Here are letters, or other compositions, from every individual in America who has the slightest pretension to literary celebrity. From these we propose to select the most eminent names—as to give all would be a work of supererogation. Unquestionably, among

those whose claims we are forced to postpone, are several whose high merit might justly demand a different treatment; but the rule applicable in a case like this seems to be that of celebrity, rather than that of true worth. It will be understood that, in the necessity of selection which circumstances impose upon us, we confine ourselves to the most noted among the living *literati* of the country. The article above alluded to, embraced, as we have already stated, only twenty-six names, and was not occupied exclusively either with living persons, or, properly speaking, with literary ones. In fact the whole paper seemed to acknowledge no law beyond that of whim. Our present essay will be found to include one hundred autographs. We have thought it unnecessary to preserve any particular order in their arrangement.

Professor Charles Anthon, of Columbia College, New York, is known as the most erudite of our classical scholars; and although still a young man, there are few, if any, even in Europe, who surpass him in his peculiar path of knowledge. In England his supremacy has been tacitly acknowledged, by the immediate re-publication of his editions of Cæsar, Sallust, and Cicero, with other works, and their adoption as text books at Oxford and Cambridge. His amplification of

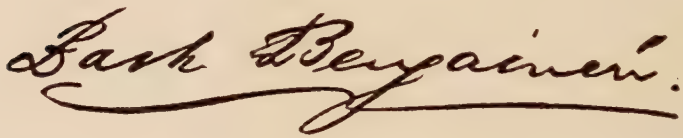
Lemprière did him high honor, but, of late, has been entirely superseded by a classical dictionary of his own —a work most remarkable for the extent and comprehensiveness of its details, as well as for its historical, chronological, mythological and philological accuracy. It has at once completely overshadowed everything of its kind. It follows, as a matter of course, that Mr. Anthon has many little enemies, among the inditers of merely big books. He has not been unassailed, yet has assuredly remained uninjured in the estimation of all those whose opinion he would be likely to value. We do not mean to say that he is altogether without faults, but a certain antique Johnsonism of style is perhaps one of the worst. He was mainly instrumental (with Professor Henry and Dr. Hawks) in setting on foot the New York *Review*, a journal of which he is the most efficient literary support, and whose most erudite papers have always been furnished from his pen. The chirography of Professor Anthon is the most regularly beautiful of any in our collection. We see the most scrupulous precision, finish and neatness about every portion of it—in the formation of individual letters, as well as in the tout-ensemble. The perfect symmetry of the MS. gives it, to a casual glance, the appearance of Italic print. The lines are quite straight, and at exactly equal distances, yet are written without black rules, or other artificial aid. There is not the slightest superfluity, in the way of flourish or otherwise, with the exception of the twirl

of the C in the signature. Yet the whole is rather neat and graceful than forcible. Of four letters now lying before us, one is written on pink, one on a faint blue, one on green, and one on yellow paper—all of the finest quality. The seal is of green wax, with an impression of the head of Cæsar. It is in the chirography of such men as Professor Anthon that we look with certainty for indication of character. The scholar's life is seldom disturbed by those accidents which distort the natural disposition of the man of the world, preventing his real nature from maintaining itself in his MS. The lawyer, who, pressed for time, is often forced to embody a world of heterogeneous memoranda, on scraps of paper, with the stumps of all varieties of pen, will soon find the fair characters of his boyhood degenerate into hieroglyphics which would puzzle Dr. Wallis or Champollion; and from chirography so disturbed it is nearly impossible to decide anything. In a similar manner, men who pass through many striking vicissitudes of life, acquire in each change of circumstance a temporary inflection of the handwriting; the whole resulting, after many years, in an unformed or variable MS., scarcely to be recognized by themselves from one day to the other. In the case of literary men generally, we may expect some decisive token of the mental influence upon the MS., and in the instance of the classical devotee we may look with especial certainty for such token. We

see, accordingly, in Professor Anton's autography, each and all of the known idiosyncrasies of his taste and intellect. We recognize at once the scrupulous precision and finish of his scholarship and of his style—the love of elegance which prompts him to surround himself in his private study, with gems of sculptural art, and beautifully bound volumes, all arranged with elaborate attention to form, and in the very pedantry of neatness. We perceive, too, the disdain of superfluous embellishment which distinguishes his compilations, and which gives to their exterior appearance so marked an air of Quakerism. We must not forget to observe that the "want of force" is a want as perceptible in the whole character of the man, as in that of the MS.

The MS. of Mr. Irving has little about it indicative of his genius. Certainly, no one could suspect from it any nice finish in the writer's composition; nor is this nice finish to be found. The letters now before us vary remarkably in appearance; and those of late date are not nearly so well written as the more antique. Mr. Irving has traveled much, has seen many vicissitudes, and has been so thoroughly satiated with fame as to grow slovenly in the performance of his literary

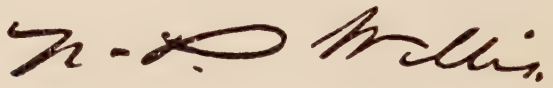
tasks. This slovenliness has affected his handwriting. But even from his earlier MSS. there is little to be gleaned, except the ideas of simplicity and precision. It must be admitted, however, that this fact, in itself, is characteristic of the literary manner, which, however excellent, has no prominent or very remarkable feature.



For the last six or seven years, few men have occupied a more desirable position among us than Mr. Benjamin. As the editor of the *American Monthly Magazine*, of the *New Yorker*, and more lately of the *Signal*, and *New World*, he has exerted an influence scarcely second to that of any editor in the country. This influence Mr. B. owes to no single cause, but to his combined ability, activity, causticity, fearlessness and independence. We use the latter term, however, with some mental reservation. The editor of the *World* is independent so far as the word implies unshaken resolution to follow the bent of one's own will, let the consequences be what they may. He is no respecter of persons, and his vituperation as often assails the powerful as the powerless—indeed the lat-

ter fall rarely under his censure. But we cannot call his independence, at all times, that of principle. We can never be sure that he will defend a cause, merely because it is the cause of truth—or even because he regards it as such. He is too frequently biased by personal feelings—feelings now of friendship, and again of vindictiveness. He is a warm friend, and a bitter, but not implacable, enemy. His judgment in literary matters should not be questioned, but there is some difficulty in getting at his real opinion. As a prose writer, his style is lucid, terse and pungent. He is often witty, often cunningly sarcastic, but seldom humorous. He frequently injures the force of his fiercest attacks by an indulgence in merely vituperative epithets. As a poet, he is entitled to far higher consideration than that in which he is ordinarily held. He is skilful and passionate, as well as imaginative. His sonnets have not been surpassed. In short, it is as a poet that his better genius is evinced—it is in poetry that his noble spirit breaks forth, showing what the man is, and what, but for unhappy circumstances, he would invariably appear. Mr. Benjamin's MS. is not very dissimilar to Mr. Irving's, and, like his, it has no doubt been greatly modified by the excitements of life, and by the necessity of writing much and hastily; so that we can predicate but little respecting it. It speaks of his exquisite sensibility and passion. These betray themselves in the nervous variation of the MS.

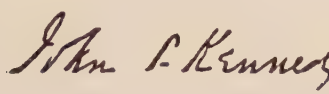
as the subject is diversified. When the theme is an ordinary one, the writing is legible and has force; but when it verges on anything which may be supposed to excite, we see the characters falter as they proceed. In the MSS. of some of his best poems this peculiarity is very remarkable. The signature conveys the idea of his usual chirography.



Mr. Willis, when writing carefully, would write a hand nearly resembling that of Mr. Halleck; although no similiarity is perceptible in the signatures. His usual chirography is dashing, free and not ungraceful, but is sadly deficient in force and picturesqueness.

It has been the fate of this gentleman to be alternately condemned *ad infinitum*, and lauded *ad nauseam* —a fact which speaks much in his praise. We know of no American writer who has evinced greater versatility of talent; that is to say of high talent, often amounting to genius; and we know of none who has more narrowly missed placing himself at the head of our letters.

The paper of Mr. Willis' epistle is always very fine and glossy. At present he employs a somewhat large seal, with a dove, or carriage pigeon, at the top, the word "Glenmary" at bottom, and the initial "N.P.W." in the middle.



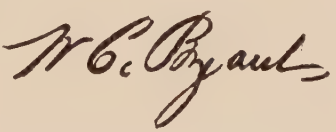
Mr. Kennedy is well known as the author of "Swallow Barn," "Horse Shoe Robinson," and "Rob of the Bowl," three works whose features are strongly and decidedly marked. These features are boldness and force of thought (disdaining ordinary embellishment, and depending for its effect upon masses rather than upon details), with a predominant sense of the picturesque pervading and giving color to the whole. His "Swallow Barn," in especial (and it is by the first effort of an author that we form the truest idea of his mental bias), is but a rich succession of picturesque still-life pieces. Mr. Kennedy is well to do in the world, and has always taken the world easily. We may therefore expect to find in his chirography, if ever in any, a full indication of the chief feature of his literary style—especially as this chief feature is so remarkably prominent. A glance at his signature will convince any one that the indication is to be found. A painter called upon to designate the main peculiarity of this MS. would speak at once of the picturesque. This character is given it by the absence of hair strokes, and by the abrupt termination of every letter without tapering; so in great measure by varying the size and also the slope of the letters. Great uniformity is preserved in the whole air of the MS., with great variety in the constituent parts. Every character has

the clearness, boldness and precision of a woodcut. The long letters do not rise or fall in an undue degree above the others. Upon the whole, this is a hand which pleases us much, although its *bizarrerie* is rather too piquant for the general taste. Should its writer devote himself more exclusively to light letters, we predict his future eminence. The paper on which our epistles are written is very fine, clear and white, with gilt edges. The seal is neat, and just sufficient wax has been used for the impression. All this betokens a love of the elegant without effeminacy.

Mrs. Sigourney seems to take much pains with her MSS. Apparently she employs "black lines." Every *t* is crossed, and every *i* dotted with precision, while the punctuation is faultless. Yet the whole has nothing of effeminacy or formality. The individual characters are large, well and freely formed, and preserve a perfect uniformity throughout. Something in her handwriting puts us in mind of Mr. Paulding's. In both MSS. a perfect regularity exists, and in both the style is formed or decided. Both are beautiful; yet Mrs. Sigourney's is the most legible, and Mr. Paulding's nearly the most illegible in the world. From that of Mrs. S. we might easily form a true estimate of her compositions. Freedom, dignity, precision and

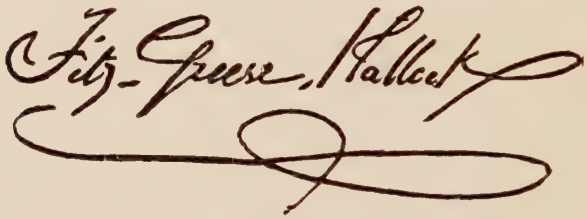
grace, without originality, may be properly attributed to her. She has fine taste, without genius. Her paper is usually good—the seal small, of green and gold wax, and without impression.

Mr. Walsh's MS. is peculiar, from its large, sprawling and irregular appearance—rather rotund than angular. It always seems to have been hurriedly written. The *t's* are crossed with a sweeping scratch of the pen, which gives to his epistles a somewhat droll appearance. A dictatorial air pervades the whole. His paper is of ordinary quality. His seal is commonly of brown wax mingled with gold, and bears a Latin motto, of which only the words *frans* and *mortuus* are legible. Mr. Walsh cannot be denied talent; but his reputation, which has been bolstered into being by a clique, is not a thing to live. A blustering self-conceit betrays itself in his chirography, which, upon the whole, is not very dissimilar to that of Mr. E. Everett, of whom we shall speak hereafter.

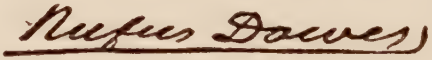


Mr. Bryant's MS. puts us entirely at fault. It is one of the most commonplace clerk's hands which we

ever encountered, and has no character about it beyond that of the day book and ledger. He writes, in short, what mercantile men and professional penmen call a fair hand, but what artists term an abominable one. Among its regular up and down strokes, waving lines and hair lines, systematic taperings and flourishes, we look in vain for the force, polish, and decision of the poet. The picturesque, to be sure, is equally deficient in his chirography and in his poetical productions.

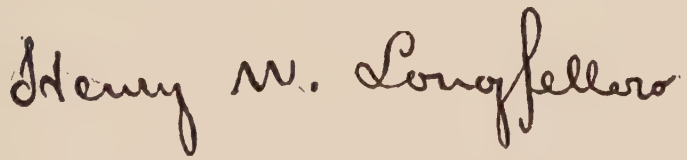


Mr. Halleck's hand is strikingly indicative of his genius. We see in it some force, more grace, and little of the picturesque. There is a great deal of freedom about it, and his MSS. seem to be written *currente calamo*, but without hurry. His flourishes, which are not many, look as as if thoughtfully planned, and deliberately, yet firmly executed. His paper is very good, and of a bluish tint—his seal of red wax.



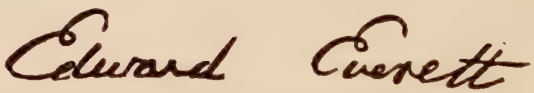
Mr. Dawes has been long known as a poet; but his claims are scarcely yet settled—his friends giving him

rank with Bryant and Halleck, while his opponents treat his pretentions with contempt. The truth is, that the author of "Geraldine" and "Athenia of Damascus" has written occasional verses very well—so well, that some of his minor pieces may be considered equal to any of the minor pieces of either of the two gentlemen above mentioned. His longer poems, however, will not bear examination. "Athenia of Damascus" is pompous nonsense, and "Geraldine" a most ridiculous imitation of Don Juan, in which the beauties of the original have been so sedulously avoided, as the blemishes have been blunderingly culled. In style, he is, perhaps, the most inflated, involved and falsely figurative, of any of our more noted poets. This defect, of course, is only fully appreciable in what are termed his "sustained efforts," and thus his shorter pieces are often exceedingly good. His apparent erudition is mere verbiage, and, were it real, would be lamentably out of place where we see it. He seems to have been infected with a blind admiration of Coleridge, especially of his mysticism and cant.



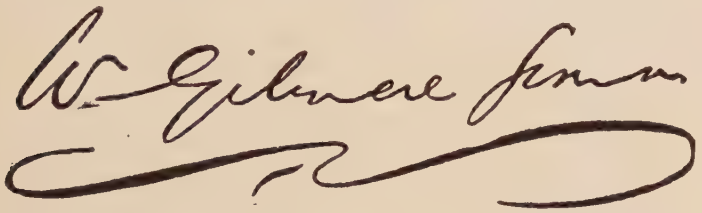
H. W. Longfellow, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Harvard, is entitled to the first place among the

poets of America—certainly to the first place among those who have put themselves prominently forth as poets. His good qualities are all of the highest order, while his sins are chiefly those of affectation and imitation—an imitation sometimes verging on downright theft. His MS. is remarkably good, and is fairly exemplified in the signature. We see here plain indications of the force, vigor, and glowing richness of his literary style; the delicate and steady finish of his compositions. The man who writes thus may not accomplish much, but what he does, will always be thoroughly done. The main beauty, or at least one great beauty of his poetry, is that of proportion; another, is a freedom from extraneous embellishment. He oftener runs into affectation through his endeavors at simplicity, than through any other cause. Now this rigid simplicity and proportion are easily perceptible in the MS., which, altogether, is a very excellent one.

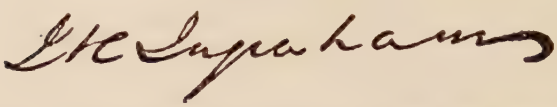


Mr. Everett's MS. is a noble one. It has about it an air of deliberate precision emblematic of the statesman, and a mingled grace and solidity betokening the scholar. Nothing can be more legible, and nothing need be more uniform. The man who writes thus will never grossly err in judgment, otherwise; but we may also venture to say that he will never attain the loftiest

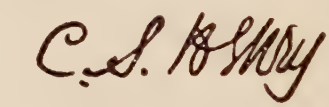
pinnacle of renown. The letters before us have a seal of red wax, with an oval device bearing the initials E. E., and surrounded with a scroll, inscribed with some Latin words which are illegible.



Mr. Simms is the author of "Martin Faber," "Atlantis," "Guy Rivers," "The Partisan," "Mellichampe," "The Yemassee," " The Damsel of Darien," "The Black Riders of the Congaree," and one or two other productions, among which we must not forget to mention several fine poems. As a poet, indeed, we like him far better than as a novelist. His qualities in this latter respect resemble those of Mr. Kennedy, although he equals him in no particular, except in his appreciation of the graceful. In his sense of beauty he is Mr. K.'s superior, but falls behind him in force, and the other attributes of the author of "Swallow Barn." These differences and resemblances are well shown in the MSS. That of Mr. S. has more slope, and more uniformity in detail, with less in the mass; while it has also less of the picturesque, although still much. The middle name is Gilmore; in the cut it looks like Gilmere.

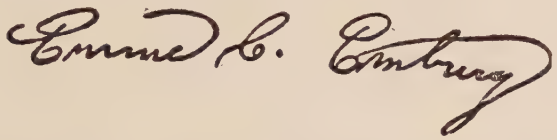


Mr. Ingraham, or Ingrahame (for he writes his name sometimes with, and sometimes without the e), is one of our most popular novelists, if not one of our best. He appeals always to the taste of the ultra-romanticists (as a matter, we believe, rather of pecuniary policy, than of choice), and thus is obnoxious to the charge of a certain cut and thrust, blue fire, melodramaticism. Still, he is capable of better things. His chirography is very unequal; at times, sufficiently clear and flowing, at others, shockingly scratchy and uncouth. From it nothing whatever can be predicted, except an uneasy vacillation of temper and of purpose.

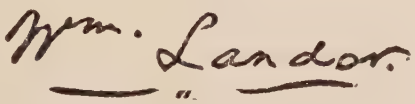


Prof. Henry, of Bristol College, is chiefly known by his contributions to our Quarterlies, and as one of the originators of the *New York Review*, in conjunction with Dr. Hawks and Prof. Anthon. His chirography is now neat and picturesque (much resembling that of Judge Tucker), and now excessively scratchy, clerky and slovenly, so that it is nearly impossible to say anything about it, except that it indicates a vacillating disposition, with unsettled ideas of the beautiful. None of his epistles, in regard to their chirography,

end as well as they begin. This trait denotes fatigability. His signature, which is bold and decided, conveys not the faintest idea of the general MS.



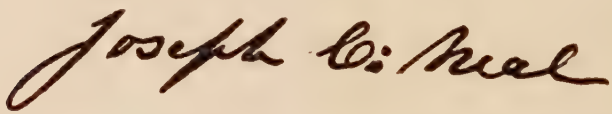
Mrs. Embury is chiefly known by her contributions to the periodicals of the country. She is one of the most vervous of our female writers, and is not destitute of originality—that rarest of all qualities in a woman, and especially in an American woman. Her MS. evinces a strong disposition to fly off at a tangent from the old formulæ of the boarding academies. Both in it, and in her literary style, it would be well that she should no longer hesitate to discard the absurdities of mere fashion.



Mr. Landor acquired much reputation as the author of "Stanley," a work which was warmly commended by the press throughout the country. He has also written many excellent papers for the magazines. His chirography is usually *petite*, without hair lines, close, and somewhat stiff. Many words are carefully erased. His epistles have always a rigorous formality about them. The whole is strongly indicative of his literary

qualities. He is an elaborately careful, stiff, and pedantic writer, with much affectation and great talent. Should he devote himself ultimately to letters, he cannot fail of high success.

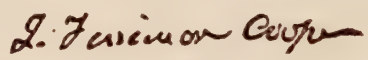
Miss Leslie is celebrated for the homely naturalness of her stories, and for the broad satire of her comic style. She has written much for the magazines. Her chirography is distinguished by neatness and finish, with over-effeminacy. It is round, and somewhat diminutive; the letters being separate, and the words always finished with an inward twirl. She is never particular about the quality of her paper or the other externals of epistolary correspondence. From her MSS. in general, we might suppose her solicitous rather about the effect of her compositions as a whole, than about the polishing of the constituent parts. There is much of the picturesque both in her chirography and in her literary style.



Mr. Neal has acquired a very extensive reputation through his "Charcoal Sketches," a series of papers originally written for the *Saturday News*, of Philadelphia, and afterwards published in book form, with

illustrations by Johnston. The whole design of the "Charcoal Sketches" may be stated as the depicting of the wharf and street loafer; but this design has been executed altogether in caricature. The extreme of burlesque runs throughout the work, which is, also, chargeable with a tedious repetition of slang and incident. The loafer always declaims the same nonsense, in the same style, gets drunk in the same way, and is taken to the watch house after the same fashion. Reading one chapter of the book, we read all. Any single description would have been an original idea well executed, but the dose is repeated *ad nauseam*, and betrays a woful poverty of invention. The manner in which Mr. Neal's book was belauded by his personal friends of the Philadelphia press, speaks little for their independence, or less for their taste. To dub the author of these "Charcoal Sketches" (which are really very excellent police reports) with the title of "the American Boz," is either outrageous nonsense, or malevolent irony. In other respects, Mr. N. has evinced talents which cannot be questioned. He has conducted the *Pennsylvanian* with credit, and, as a political writer, he stands deservedly high. His MS. is simple and legible, with much space between the words. It has force but little grace. Altogether, his chirography is good; but, as he belongs to the editorial corps, it would not be just to suppose that any deductions, in respect to character, could be gleaned from it. His signature conveys the general MS. with accuracy.

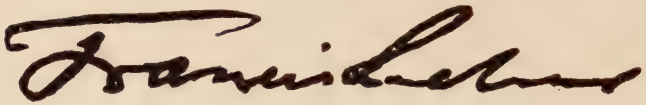
Mr. Griswold has written much, but chiefly in the editorial way, whether for the papers, or in books. He is a gentleman of fine taste and sound judgment. His knowledge of American literature, in all its details, is not exceeded by that of any man among us. He is not only a polished prose writer, but a poet of no ordinary power; although, as yet, he has not put himself much in the way of the public admiration. His MS. is by no means a good one. It appears unformed and vacillates in a singular manner, so that nothing can be predicted from it, except a certain unsteadiness of purpose.



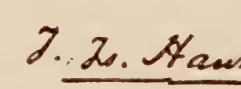
Mr. Cooper's MS. is very bad—unformed, with little of distinctive character about it, and varying greatly in different epistles. In most of those before us a steel pen has been employed, the lines are crooked, and the whole chirography has a constrained and schoolboyish air. The paper is fine, and of a bluish tint. A wafer is always used. Without appearing ill-natured, we could scarcely draw any inferences from such a MS. Cooper has seen many vicissitudes, and it is probable that he has not always written thus. Whatever are his faults, his genius cannot be doubted.

Mr. John Neal's MS. is exceedingly illegible and careless. Many of his epistles are perfect enigmas, and we doubt whether he could read them himself in half an hour after they are penned. Sometimes four or five words are run together. Any one, from Mr. Neal's penmanship, might suppose his mind to be really what it is—excessively flighty and irregular, but active and energetic.

The penmanship of Miss Sedgwick is excellent. The characters are well sized, distinct, elegantly but not ostentatiously formed, and with perfect freedom of manner, are still sufficiently feminine. The half strokes differ little from the downward ones, and the MSS. have thus a uniformity they might not otherwise have. The paper she generally uses is good, blue and machine-ruled. Miss Sedgwick's handwriting points unequivocally to the traits of her literary style —which are strong common sense, and a masculine disdain of mere ornament. The signature conveys the general chirography.



Francis Lieber is Professor of History and Political Economy in the College of South Carolina, and has published many works distinguished by acumen and erudition. Among these we may notice a "Journal of a Resìdence in Greece," written at the instigation of the historian Niebuhr; "The Stranger in America," a piquant book abounding in various information relative to the United States; a treatise on "Education"; "Reminiscences of an intercourse with Niebuhr"; and an "Essay on International Copy Right"—this last a valuable work. Professor Lieber's personal character is that of the frankest and most unpretending *bonhommie,* while his erudition is rather massive than minute. We may therefore expect his MS. to differ widely from that of his brother scholar, Professor Anthon; and so in truth it does. His chirography is careless, heavy, black, and forcible, without the slightest attempt at ornament—very similar, upon the whole, to the well known chirography of Chief Justice Marshall. His letters have the peculiarity of a wide margin left at the top of each page.

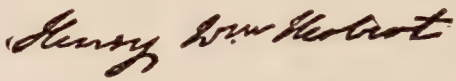


Dr. Hawks is one of the originators of the *New York Review,* to which journal he has furnished many

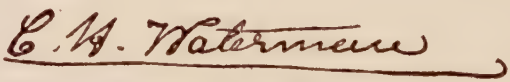
articles. He is also known as the author of the "History of the Episcopal Church of Virginia," and one or two minor works. He now edits the *Church Record*. His style, both as a writer and a preacher, is characterized rather by a perfect fluency than by any more lofty quality, and this trait is strikingly indicated in his chirography, of which the signature is a fair specimen.

The Rev. J. Pierpont, who, of late, has attracted so much of the public attention, is one of the most accomplished poets in America. His "Airs of Palestine" is distinguished by the sweetness and vigor of its versification, and by the grace of its sentiments. Some of his shorter pieces are exceedingly terse and forcible, and none of our readers can have forgotten his Lines on Napoleon. His rhythm is at least equal in strength and modulation to that of any poet in America. Here he resembles Milman and Croly. His chirography, nevertheless, indicates nothing beyond the commonplace. It is an ordinary clerk's hand—one which is met with more frequently than any other. It is decidedly formed; and we have no doubt that he never writes otherwise than thus. The MS. of his school

days has probably been persisted in to the last. If so, the fact is in full consonance with the steady precision of his style. The flourish at the end of the signature is but a part of the writer's general enthusiasm.



This gentleman is the author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," "Ringwood the Rover," and some other minor productions. He at one time edited the *American Monthly Magazine*, in connection with Mr. Hoffman. In his compositions for the magazines, Mr. Herbert is in the habit of doing both them and himself gross injustice, by neglect and hurry. His longer works evince much ability, although he is rarely entitled to be called original. His MS. is exceedingly neat, clear, and forcible; the signature affording a just idea of it. It resembles that of Mr. Kennedy very nearly; but has more slope and uniformity, with, of course, less spirit, and less of the picturesque. He who writes as Mr. Herbert, will be found always to depend chiefly upon his merits of style for a literary reputation, and will not be apt to fall into a pompous grandiloquence. The author of "Cromwell" is sometimes woefully turgid.



Mrs. Esling, formerly Miss Waterman, has attracted much attention, of late years, by the tenderness and

melody of her short poems. She deserves nearly all the commendations which she has received. Her MS. would generally be considered beautiful; but formed, like most of her sex, upon a regular school model, it is, of course, not in the slightest degree indicative of character.

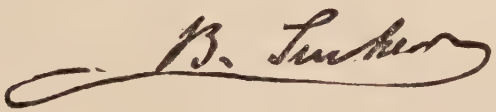
Mrs. E. F. Ellet has published one or two books, exclusively of a volume of poems, but is chiefly known to the literary world by her numerous contributions to the magazines. As a translator from the Italian, she has acquired an enviable reputation. Her hand, of which the signature above scarcely conveys a full idea, is clear, neat, forcible and legible; just such a hand as one would desire for copying MSS. of importance. We have observed that the writers of such epistles as those before us, are often known as translators, but seldom evince high originality or very eminent talent of any kind.

Judge Noah has written several plays which took very well in their time, and also several essays and other works, giving evidence of no ordinary learning and penetration on certain topics—chiefly connected with Israelitish history. He is better known, however, from the wit and universal *bonhommie* of his editorial

paragraphs. His peculiar traits of character may be traced to his writing, which has about it a free, rolling, and open air. His lines are never straight, and the letters taper too much to please the eye of an artist, and have now and then a twirl, like the tail of a pig, which gives to the whole MS. an indescribably quizzical appearance, and one altogether in consonance with the general notion respecting the quondam Major, and present Judge, than whom no man has more friends and fewer enemies.

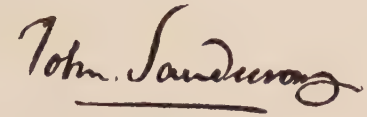
The Rev. Orestes A. Brownson is chiefly known to the literary world as the editor of the Boston *Quarterly Review*, a work to which he contributes, each quarter, at least two-thirds of the matter. He has published little in book form—his principal works being "Charles Elwood," and "New Views." Of these, the former production is, in many respects, one of the highest merit. In logical accuracy, in comprehensiveness of thought, and in the evident frankness and desire for truth in which it is composed, we know of few theological treatises which can be compared with it. Its conclusion, however, bears about it a species of hesitation and inconsequence, which betray the fact that the writer has not altogether succeeded in convincing himself of those important truths which he is anxious to impress upon his readers. We must bear in mind,

however, that this is the fault of Mr. Brownson's subject, and not of Mr. Brownson. However well a man may reason on the great topics of God and immortality, he will be forced to admit tacitly in the end, that God and immortality are things to be felt rather than demonstrated. On subjects less indefinite, Mr. B. reasons with the calm and convincing force of a Combe. He is, in every respect, an extraordinary man; and with the more extensive resources which would have been afforded him by early education, could not have failed to bring about important results. His MS. indicates, in the most striking manner, the unpretended simplicity, directness and especially the indefatigability of his mental character. His signature is more *petite* than his general chirography.



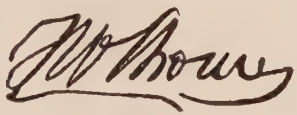
Judge Beverly Tucker of the College of William and Mary, Virginia, is the author of one of the best novels published in America—"George Balcombe,"—although, for some reason, the book was never a popular favorite. It was, perhaps, somewhat too didactic for the general taste. He has written a great deal, also, for the *Southern Literary Magazine,* at different times; and at one period, acted in part, if not altogether, as editor of that magazine, which is indebted to him for some very racy articles, in the way of criticism espe-

cially. He is apt, however, to be led away by personal feelings, and is more given to vituperation for the mere sake of point, or pungency, that is altogether consonant with his character as judge. Some five years ago, there appeared in the *Messenger*, under the editorial head, an article on the subject of the "Pickwick Papers," and some other productions of Mr. Dickens. This article, which abounded in well written but extravagant denunciation of everything written by the author of "The Curiosity Shop," and which prophesied his immediate downfall, we have reason to believe was from the pen of Judge Beverly Tucker. We take this opportunity of mentioning the subject, and it is a burthen we are not disposed and never intended to bear. The review appeared in March, we think, and we had retired from the *Messenger* in the January preceding. About eighteen months previously, and when Mr. Dickens was scarcely known to the world at all, except as the author of some brief tales and essays, the writer of this article had occasion to predict, in the *Messenger*, and in the most emphatic manner, that high and just distinction which the author in question has since attained. Judge Tucker's MS. is diminutive, but neat and legible, and has much force and precision, with little of the picturesque. The care which he bestows on his literary compositions makes itself manifest also in his chirography. The signature is more florid than the general hand.



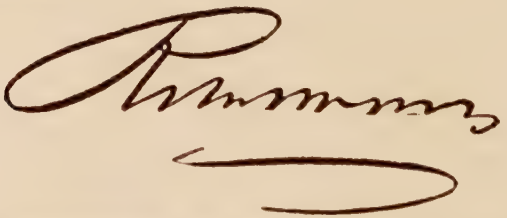
Mr. Sanderson, Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in the High School of Philadelphia, is well known as the author of a series of letters, entitled "The American in Paris." These are distinguished by ease and vivacity of style, with occasional profundity of observation, and, above all, by the frequency of their illustrative anecdotes and figures.

About Miss Gould's MS. there is great neatness, picturesqueness and finish, without over-effeminacy. The literary style of one who writes thus will always be remarkable for sententiousness and epigrammatism; and these are the leading features of Miss Gould's poetry.



F. W. Thomas, who began his literary career at the age of seventeen, by a poetical lampoon upon certain Baltimore fops, has since more particularly distinguished himself as a novelist. His "Clinton Brad-

shawe" is perhaps better known than any of his later fictions. It is remarkable for a frank, unscrupulous portrait of men and things, in high life and low, and by unusual discrimination and observation in respect to character. Since its publication he has produced "East and West," and "Howard Pinckney," neither of which seem to have been so popular as his first essay; although both have merit. "East and West," published in 1836, was an attempt to portray the every-day events occurring to a fallen family emigrating from the East to the West. In it, as in "Clinton Bradshawe," most of the characters are drawn from life. "Howard Pinckney" was published in 1840. Mr. Thomas was, at one period, the editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial Advertiser*. He is also well known as a public lecturer on a variety of topics. His conversational powers are very great. As a poet, he has also distinguished himself. His "Emigrant" will be read with pleasure by every person of taste. His MS. is more like that of Mr. Benjamin than that of any other literary person of our acquaintance.



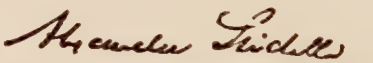
Mr. Morris ranks, we believe, as the first of Philadelphia poets, since the death of Willis Gaylord Clark.

His compositions, like those of his late lamented friend, are characterized by sweetness rather than by vigor or originality of thought. A late notice of him, from the pen of Rufus W. Griswold, did his high qualities no more than justice. As a prose writer, he is chiefly known by his editorial contributions to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and by occasional essays for the magazines. His chirography is usually very illegible, although at times sufficiently distinct. It has no marked characteristics, and, like that of almost every editor in the country, has been so modified by the circumstances of his position, as to afford no certain indication of the mental features.

Mr. Seba Smith has become somewhat celebrated as the author, in part, of the "Letters of Major Downing." These were very clever productions; coarse, but full of fun, wit, sarcasm, and sense. Their manner rendered them exceedingly popular, until their success tempted into the field a host of brainless imitators. Mr. S. is also the author of several poems; among others of "Powhatan, a Metrical Romance," which we do not very particularly admire. His MS. is legible and has much simplicity about it. At times it vacillates, and appears unformed. Upon the whole, it is much such a MS. as David Crockett wrote, and precisely such a one as we might imagine would be written

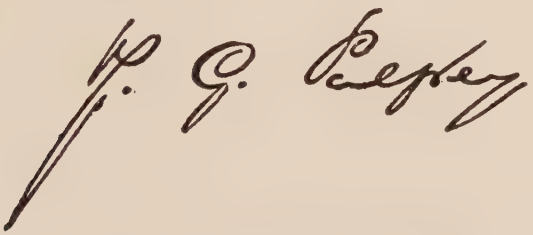
by a veritable Jack Downing—by Jack Downing himself, had this creature of Mr. Smith's been endowed with a real entity. The fact is, that "The Major" is not all a creation; at least one half of his character actually exists in the bosom of his originator. It was the Jack Downing half that composed "Powhatan."

Judge Hopkinson's hand is forcible, neat, legible, and devoid of superfluity. The characters have much slope, and whole words are frequently run together. The lines are at equal distances, and a broad margin is at the left of the page, as is the case with the MSS. of Judge Marshall, and other jurists. The whole is too uniform to be picturesque. The writing is always as good at the conclusion, as at the commencement of the epistles—a rare quality in MSS., evincing indefatigability in the writer.



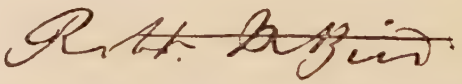
Lieutenant Slidell some years ago took the additional name of Mackenzie. His reputation, at one period, was extravagantly high—a circumstance owing in some measure, to the *esprit de corps* of the navy, of which he is a member, and to his private influence, through his family, with the Review cliques. Yet his fame was not altogether undeserved; although it cannot be

denied that his first book, "A Year in Spain," was in some danger of being overlooked by his countrymen, until a benignant star directed the attention of a London bookseller, Murray, to its merits. Cockney octavos prevailed; and the clever young writer who was cut dead in his Yankee habiliments, met with bows innumerable in the gala dress of an English *imprimatur.* The work now ran through several editions, and prepared the public for the kind reception of "The American in England," which exalted his reputation to its highest pinnacle. Both these books abound in racy description; but are chiefly remarkable for their gross deficiencies in grammatical construction. Lieut. Slidell's MS. is peculiarly neat and even—quite legible, but altogether too *petite* and effeminate. Few tokens of his literary character are to be found beyond the petiteness, which is exactly analogous with the minute detail of the description.

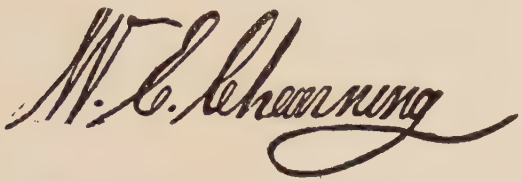


Professor Palfrey is known to the public principally through his editorship of the *North American Review.* He has a reputation for scholarship; and many of the articles which are attributed to his pen evince that this

reputation is well based, so far as the common notion of scholarship extends. For the rest, he seems to dwell altogether within the narrow world of his own conceptions; imprisoning them by the very barrier which he has erected against the conceptions of others. His MS. shows a total deficiency in the sense of the beautiful. It has great pretension—great straining after effect; but is altogether one of the most miserable MSS. in the world—forceless, graceless, tawdry, vacillating, and unpicturesque. The signature conveys but a faint idea of its extravagance. However much we may admire the mere knowledge of the man who writes thus, it will not do to place any dependence upon his wisdom or upon his taste.



Mr. Bird is well known as the author of "The Gladiator," "Calavar," "The Infidel," "Nick of the Wood," and some other works—"Calavar" being, we think, by far the best of them, and beyond doubt one of the best of American novels. His chirography resembles that of Mr. Benjamin very closely; the chief difference being in a curl of the final letters in Dr. B's. The characters, too, have the air of not being able to keep pace with the thought, and an uneasy want of finish seems to have been the consequence. A vivid imagination might easily be deduced from such a MS.

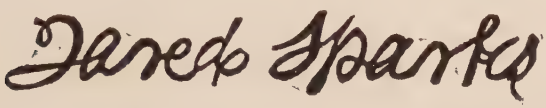


The Reverend W. E. Channing is at the head of our moral and didactic writers. His reputation, both at home and abroad, is deservedly high, and in regard to the matters of purity, polish and refinement of style, he may be said to have attained the dignity of a standard and a classic. He has, it is true, been severely criticised, even in respect to these very points, by the Edinburgh *Review*. The critic, however, made out his case but lamely, and proved nothing beyond his own incompetence. To detect occasional, or even frequent inadvertences in the way of bad grammar, faulty construction, or misusage of language, is not to improve impurity of style—a word which happily has a bolder signification than any dreamed of by the Zoilus of the Review in question. Style regards, more than anything else, the tone of a composition. All the rest is not unimportant, to be sure, but appertains to the minor morals of literature, and can be learned by rote by the meanest simpletons in letters—can be carried to its highest excellence by dolts, who, upon the whole, are despicable as stylists. Irving's style is inimitable in its grace and delicacy, but few practical writers are guilty of more frequent inadvertences of language. In what may be termed his mere English, he is surpassed by

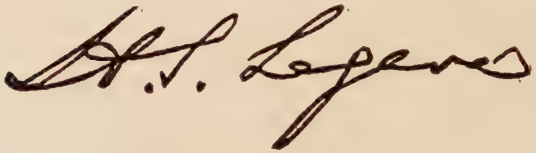
fifty whom he could name. Mr. Tuckerman's English, on the contrary, is sufficiently pure, but a more lamentable style than that of his "Sicily" it would be difficult to point out. Besides those peculiarities which we have already mentioned as belonging to Dr. Channing's style, we must not fail to mention a certain calm, broad deliberateness which constitutes force in its highest character, and approaches to majesty. All these traits will be found to exist in his chirography, the character of which is exemplified by the signature, although this is somewhat larger than the general manuscript.

Colonel Stone, the editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, is remarkable for the great difference which exists between the apparent public opinion respecting his abilities, and the real estimation in which he is privately held. Through his paper—and a bustling activity always prone to thrust itself forward—he has attained an unusual degree of influence in New York, and, not only this, but what appears to be a reputation for talent. But this talent we do not remember ever to have heard assigned him by any honest man's private opinion. We place him among our *literati*, because he has published certain books. Perhaps the best of these are his "Life of Brant," and "Life and Times of Red Jacket." Of the rest, his

story called "Ups and Downs," his defense of Animal Magnetism, and his pamphlet concerning Maria Monk, are scarcely the most absurd. His MS. is heavy and sprawling, resembling his mental character in a species of utter unmeaningness, which lies, like the nightmare, upon his autograph.



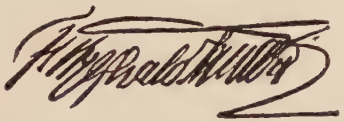
The labors of Mr. Sparks, Professor of History at Harvard, are well known and justly appreciated. His MS. has an unusually odd appearance. The characters are large, round, black, irregular, and perpendicular —the signature, as above, being an excellent specimen of his chirography in general. In all his letters now before us, the lines are as close together as possible, giving the idea of irretrievable confusion; still, none of them are illegible upon close inspection. We can form no guess in regard to any mental peculiarities from Mr. Sparks' MS., which has been, no doubt, modified by the hurrying and intricate nature of his researches. We might imagine such epistles as these to have been written in extreme haste by a man exceedingly busy among great piles of books and papers, huddled up around him like the chaotic tomes of Magliabechi. The paper used in all his epistles is uncommonly fine.



The name of H. S. Legare is written without an accent on the final *e*, yet is pronounced as if this letter was accented—Legray. He contributed many articles of high merit to the *Southern Review*, and has a wide reputation for scholarship and talent. His MS. resembles that of Mr. Palfrey, of the *North American Review*, and their mental features appear to us nearly identical. What we have said in regard to the chirography of Mr. Palfrey will apply with equal force to that of the present Secretary.

Mr. Chandler's reputation as the editor of one of the best daily papers in the country, and as one of our finest *belles lettres* scholars, is deservedly high. He is well known through his numerous addresses, essays, miscellaneous sketches, and prose tales. Some of these latter evince imaginative powers of a superior order. His MS. is not fairly shown in his signature, the latter being much more open and bold than his general chirography. His handwriting must be included in the

editorial category—it seems to have been ruined by habitual hurry.



Count L. Fitzgerald Tasistro has distinguished himself by many contributions to the periodical literature of the day, and by his editorial conduct of the *Expositor*,—a critical journal of high merit in many respects, although somewhat given to verbiage. His MS. is remarkable for a scratchy diminutiveness, and is by no means legible. We are not sufficiently cognizant of his literary character to draw any parallel between it and his chirography. His signature is certainly a most remarkable one.

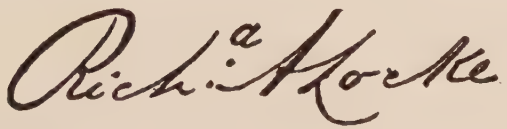
Dr. Mitchell has published several pretty songs which have been set to music, and become popular. He has also given to the world a volume of poems, of which the longest was remarkable for an old-fashioned polish and vigor of versification. His MS. is rather graceful than picturesque or forcible—and these words apply equally well to his poetry in general. The signature indicates the hand.

Mrs. Hale is well known for her masculine style of thought. This is clearly expressed in her chirography, which is far larger, heavier, and altogether bolder than that of her sex generally. It resembles in a great degree that of Professor Lieber, and is not easily deciphered.

Mr. McMakin is one of the editors of the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, and has given to the world several excellent specimens of his poetical ability. His MS. is clear and graceful; the signature affording a very good idea of it. The general hand, in fact, is fully as good.

We believe that Mr. Albert Pike has never published his poems in book form; nor has he written anything since 1834. His "Hymns to the Gods," and "Ode to the Mocking Bird," being printed in *Blackwood*, are the chief basis of his reputation. His lines "To Spring" are, however, much better in every respect, and a little poem from his pen, entitled "Ariel," and

originally published in the *Boston Pearl,* is one of the finest of American compositions. Mr. Pike has unquestionably merit, and that of a high order. His ideality is rich and well-disciplined. He is the most classic of our poets in the best sense of the term, and of course his classicism is very different from that of Mr. Sprague—to whom, nevertheless, he bears much resemblance in other respects. Upon the whole, there are few of our native writers to whom we consider him inferior. His MS. shows clearly the spirit of his intellect. We observe in it a keen sense not only of the beautiful and graceful but of the picturesque—neatness, precision and general finish, verging upon effeminacy. In force it is deficient. The signature fails to convey the entire MS. which depends upon masses for its peculiar character.



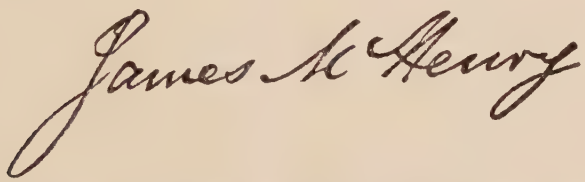
Mr. Richard Adams Locke is one among the few men of unquestionable genius whom the country possesses. Of the "Moon Hoax" it is supererogatory to say one word—not to know that argues one's self unknown. Its rich imagination will long dwell in the memory of every one who read it, and surely if

the worth of anything
Is just so much as it will bring—

if, in short, we are to judge of the literary composition in any degree by its effect—then was the "Hoax" most precious. But Mr. Locke is also a poet of high order. We have seen—nay more—we have heard read—verses of his own which would make the fortune of two-thirds of our poetasters; and he is yet so modest as never to have published a volume of his poems. As an editor—as a political writer—as a writer in general —we think that he has scarcely a superior in America. There is no man among us to whose sleeve we would rather pin—not our faith (of that we say nothing)— but our judgment. His MS. is clear, bold, forcible, somewhat modified, no doubt, by the circumstances of his editorial position, but still sufficiently indicative of his fine intellect.

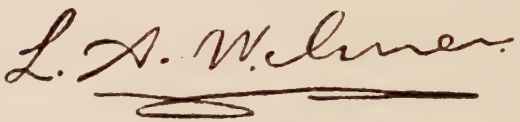
Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson belongs to a class of gentlemen with whom we have no patience whatever— the mystics for mysticism's sake. Quintilian mentions a pedant who taught obscurity, and who once said to a pupil, "This is excellent, for I do not understand it myself." How the good man would have chuckled over Mr. E! His present rôle seems to be the out-Carlyling Carlyle. Lycophron Tenebrosus is a fool to him. The best answer to his twaddle is *cui bono?* —a very little Latin phrase very generally mistrans-

lated and misunderstood—*cui bono?*—to whom is it a benefit! If not to Mr. Emerson individually, then surely to no man living. His love of the obscure does not prevent him, nevertheless, from the composition of occasional poems in which beauty is apparent by flashes. Several of his effusions appeared in the *Western Messenger*—more in the *Dial*, of which he is the soul—or the sun—or the shadow. We remember the "Sphynx," the "Problem," the "Snow Storm," and some fine old verses entitled, "Oh, fair and stately maid whose eye." His MS. is bad, sprawling, illegible, and irregular, although sufficiently bold. This latter may be, and no doubt is, only a portion of his general affectation.

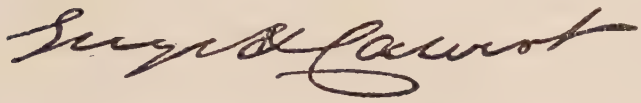


Dr. James McHenry, of Philadelphia, is well known to the literary world as the writer of numerous articles in our Reviews and lighter journals, but, more especially, as the author of "The Antediluvian," an epic poem which has been the victim of a most shameful cabal in this country, and the subject of a very disgraceful pasquinade on the part of Professor Wilson. Whatever may be the demerits, in some regard, of this poem, there can be no question of the utter want of

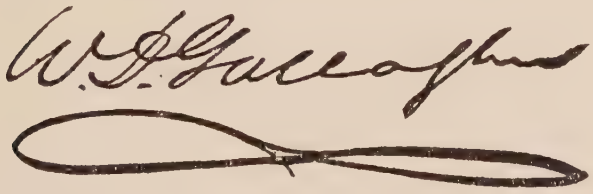
fairness and even of common decency which distinguished the Phillipic in question. The writer of a just review of the "Antediluvian"—the only tolerable American epic—would render an important service to the literature of his country. Dr. McHenry's MS. is distinct, bold and simple, without ornament or superfluity. The signature well conveys the idea of the general hand.



Mr. Wilmer has written and published much; but he has reaped the usual fruits of a spirit of independence; and has thus failed to make that impression on the popular mind which his talents, under other circumstances, would have effected. But better days are in store for him, and for all who "hold to the right way," despising the yelping of the small dogs of our literature. His prose writings have all merit—always the merit of a chastened style. But he is more favorably known by his poetry, in which the student of the British classics will find much for warm admiration. We have few better versifiers than Mr. Wilson. His chirography plainly indicates the cautious polish and terseness of his style, but the signature does not convey the print-like appearance of the MS.

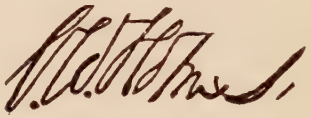


Mr. Calvert was at one time principal editor of the *Baltimore American*, and wrote for that journal some good paragraphs on the common topics of the day. He has also published many translations from the German, and one or two original poems—among others an imitation of Don Juan, called "Pelayo," which did him no credit. He is essentially a feeble and common-place writer of poetry, although his prose compositions have a certain degree of merit. His chirography indicates the "common-place" upon which we have commented. It is a very usual, scratchy, and tapering clerk's hand—a hand which no man of talent ever did or could indite, unless compelled by circumstances of more than ordinary force. The signature is far better than the general manuscript of his epistles.



Mr. Gallagher is chiefly known as a poet. He is the author of some of our most popular songs, and has written many pieces of high but unequal merit. He has the true spirit, and will rise into a just distinction

hereafter. His manuscript tallies well with our opinion. It is a very fine one—clear, bold, decided and picturesque. The signature above does not convey, in full force, the general character of his chirography, which is more rotund, and more decidedly placed upon the paper.



Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Boston, late Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth College, has written many productions of merit, and has been pronounced, by a very high authority, the best of the humorous poets of the day. His chirography is remarkably fine, and a quick fancy might easily detect, in its graceful yet picturesque quaintness, an analogy with the vivid drollery of his style. The signature is a fair specimen of the general MS.

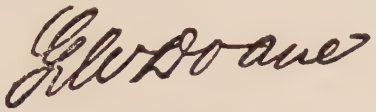
Mr. Richard Penn Smith, although, perhaps, better known in Philadelphia, than elsewhere, has acquired much literary reputation. His chief works are "The Forsaken," a novel; a pseudo-autobiography called "Colonel Crockett's Tour in Texas," the tragedy of

"Caius Marius," and two domestic dramas entitled "The Disowned," and "The Deformed." He has also published two volumes of miscellanies under the title of "The Actress of Padua and Other Tales," besides occasional poetry. We are not sufficiently cognizant of any of these works to speak with decision respecting their merits. In a biography of Mr. Smith, however, very well written by his friend Mr. McMichael of this city, we are informed of "The Forsaken" that a "large edition of it was speedily exhausted"—of "The Actress of Padua" that "it had an extensive sale and was much commended"—of the "Tour in Texas," that "few books attained an equal popularity"—of "Caius Marius" that "it has great capabilities for an acting play,"—of "The Disowned" and "The Deformed" that "they were performed at the London theatres, where they both made a favorable impression—and of his poetry in general, "that it will be found superior to the average quality of that commodity." "It is by his dramatic efforts," says the biographer, "that his merits as a poet must be determined, and judged by these he will be assigned a place in the foremost rank of American writers." We have only to add that we have the highest respect for the judgment of Mr. McMichael. Mr. Smith's MS. is clear, graceful and legible, and would generally be called a fine hand, but is somewhat too clerky for our taste.

General Morris has composed many songs which have taken fast hold upon the popular taste, and which are deservedly popular. He has caught the true tone for these things, and hence his popularity—a popularity which his enemies would fain make us believe is altogether attributable to his editorial influence. The charge is true only in a measure. The tone of which we speak is that kind of frank, free, hearty sentiment (rather than philosophy) which distinguishes Beranger, and which the critics, for want of a better term, call nationality. His MS. is a simple, unornamented hand, rather rotund than angular, very legible, forcible, and altogether in keeping with his style.

Mr. N. C. Brooks has acquired some reputation as a magazine writer. His serious prose is often very good —is always well worked—but in his comic attempts he fails, without appearing to be aware of his failure. As a poet he has succeeded far better. In a work which he entitled "Scriptural Anthology," among many inferior compositions of length, there were several shorter pieces of much merit: for example, "Shelley's Obsequies," and "The Nicthantles." Of late days we have seen

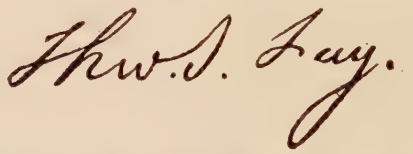
little from his pen. His MS. has much resemblance to that of Mr. Bryant, although altogether it is a better hand, with much more freedom than grace. With care Mr. Brooks can write a fine MS., just as with care he can write a fine poem.



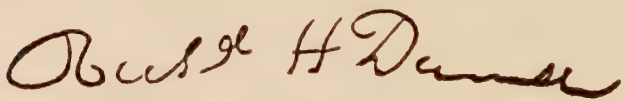
Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, is somewhat more extensively known in his clerical than in a literary capacity, but has accomplished much more than sufficient in the world of books to entitle him to a place among the most noted of our living men of letters. The compositions by which he is best known were published, we believe, during his professorship of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in Washington College, Hartford. His MS. has some resemblance to that of Mr. Greeley of "The Tribune." The signature is far bolder and altogether better than the general hand.

H. T. Tuckerman has written one or two books, consisting of criticism and travels. His "Isabel" is, perhaps, better known than any of his productions, but was never a popular work. He is a correct writer, so far as mere English is concerned, but an insufferably tedious and dull one. He has contributed much of late days

to the *Southern Literary Messenger,* with which journal, perhaps, the legibility of his MS. has been an important, if not the principal recommendation. His chirography is neat and distinct, and has some grace, but no force—evincing, in a remarkable degree, the idiosyncrasies of the writer.



The author of "Norman Leslie" and "The Countess Ida" has been more successful as an essayist about small matters, than as a novelist. "Norman Leslie" is more familiarly remembered as "The Great Used Up," while "The Countess" made no definite impression whatever. Of course we are not to expect remarkable features in Mr. Fay's MS. It has a wavering, finicky, and over-delicate air, without pretension to either grace or force; and the description of the chirography would answer, without alteration, for that of the literary character. Mr. F. frequently employs an amanuensis, who writes a very beautiful French hand. The one must not be confounded with the other.



Mr. Dana ranks among our most eminent poets, and he has been the frequent subject of comment in our

Reviews. He has high qualities, undoubtedly, but his defects are many and great. His MS. resembles that of Mr. Gallagher very nearly, but is somewhat more rolling, and has less boldness and decision. The literary traits of the two gentlemen are very similar, although Mr. Dana is by far the more polished writer, and has a scholarship which Mr. Gallagher wants.

The handwriting of Grenville Mellen is somewhat peculiar, and partakes largely of the character of his signature as seen above. The whole is highly indicative of the poet's flighty, hyper-fanciful character, with his unsettled and often erroneous ideas of the beautiful. His straining after effect is well paralleled in the formation of the preposterous G., in the signature, with the two dots by its side. Mr. Mellen has genius unquestionably, but there is something in his temperament which obscures it.

Mr. George Lunt of Newburyport, Massachusetts, is known as a poet of much vigor of style, and massiveness of thought. He delights in the grand, rather than

in the beautiful, and is not unfrequently turgid, but never feeble. The traits here described, impress themselves with remarkable distinctness upon his chirography, of which the signature gives a perfect idea.

Richard Henry Wilde, Esq., of Georgia, has acquired much reputation as a poet, and especially as the author of the little piece entitled "My Life is like the Summer Rose," whose claim to originality has been made the subject of repeated and reiterated attack and defence. Upon the whole it is hardly worth quarrelling about. Far better verses are to be found in every second newspaper we take up. Mr. Wilde has also lately published, or is about to publish, a "Life of Tasso," for which he has been long collecting material. His MS. has all the peculiar sprawling and elaborate tastelessness of Mr. Palfrey's, to which altogether it bears a marked resemblance. The love of effect, however, is more perceptible in Mr. Wilde's than even in Mr. Palfrey's.

[In preceding numbers we gave facsimile signatures of nearly one hundred of the most distinguished

American *literati*. Our design was to furnish a complete series of Autographs, embracing a specimen of the MS. of each of the most noted among our male and female writers. For obvious reasons, we made no attempt at classification or arrangement—either in reference to reputation or our own private opinion of merit. It is with great pleasure that we have found our anticipations fulfilled, in respect to the popularity of these chapters—our individual claim to merit is so trivial that we may be permitted to say so much—but we confess it was with no less surprise than pleasure that we observed so little discrepancy of opinion manifested in relation to the hasty critical, or rather gossiping observations which accompanied the signatures. Where the subject was so wide and so necessarily personal—where the claims of more than one hundred *literati*, summarily disposed of, were turned over for readjudication to a press so intricately bound up in their interest as is ours—it is really surprising how little of dissent was mingled with so much of general comment.—E. A. P.]

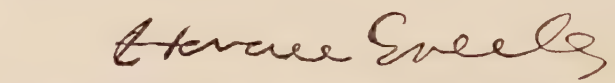
The "Writings of Charles Sprague" were first collected and published about nine months ago, by Mr. Charles S. Francis of New York. At the time of the

issue of the book, we expressed our opinion frankly in respect to the general merits of the author—an opinion with which one or two members of the Boston press did not see fit to agree—but which, as yet, we have found no reason for modifying. What we say now is, in spirit, merely a repetition of what we said then. Mr. Sprague is an accomplished *belles lettres* scholar, so far as the usual ideas of scholarship extend. He is a very correct rhetorician of the old school. His versification has not been equalled by that of any American—has been surpassed by no one, living or dead. In this regard, there are to be found finer passages in his poems than any elsewhere. These are his chief merits. In the essentials of poetry, he is excelled by twenty of our countrymen whom we could name. Except in a very few instances, he gives no evidence of the loftier ideality. His "Winged Worshippers," and "Lines on the Death of M. S. C." are beautiful poems —but he has written nothing else which should be called so. His "Shakespeare Ode," upon which his high reputation mainly depended, is quite a second hand affair—with no merit whatever beyond that of a polished and vigorous versification. Its imitation of Collins' "Ode to the Passions" is obvious. Its allegorical conduct is mawkish, *passé* and absurd. The poem, upon the whole, is just such a one as would have obtained its author an Etonian prize some forty or fifty years ago. It is an exquisite specimen of mannerism, without meaning and without merit—of an artificial,

but most inartistical style of composition, of which conventionality is the soul—taste, nature and reason the antipodes. A man may be a clever financier, without being a genius. It requires but little effort to see in Mr. Sprague's MS. all the idiosyncrasy of his intellect. Here are distinctness, precision and vigor—but vigor employed upon grace rather than upon its legitimate functions. The signature fully indicates the general hand—in which the spirit of elegant imitation and conservatism may be seen reflected as in a mirror.

Mr. Alfred B. Street has been long before the public as a poet. At as early an age as fifteen, some of his pieces were published by Mr. Bryant in the *Evening Post*—among these was one of much merit, entitled a "Winter Scene." In the "New York Book," and in the collections of American poetry, by Messrs. Keese & Bryant, will be found many excellent specimens of his maturer powers. "The Willewemoc," "The Forest Tree," "The Indian's Vigil," "The Lost Hunter," and "White Lake" we prefer to any of his other productions which have met our eye. Mr. Street has fine taste, and a keen sense of the beautiful. He writes carefully, elaborately and correctly. He has made Mr. Bryant his model, and in all Mr. Bryant's good points would be nearly his equal, were it not for the sad and too perceptible stain of the imitation. That

he has imitated at all—or rather that, in mature age, he has persevered in his imitations—is sufficient warrantry for placing him among the men of talent rather than among the men of genius. His MS. is full corroboration of this warrantry. It is a very pretty chirography, graceful, legible and neat. By most persons it would be called beautiful. The fact is, it is without fault—but its merits, like those of his poems, are chiefly negative.

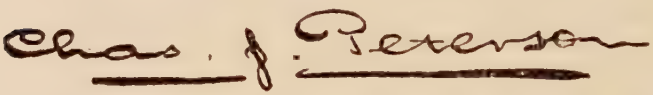


Mr. Horace Greeley, present editor of the *Tribune*, and formerly of the *New Yorker*, has for many years been remarked as one of the most able and honest of American editors. He has written much and invariably well. His political knowledge is equal to that of any of his contemporaries—his general information extensive. As a *belles lettres* critic he is entitled to high respect. His MS. is a remarkable one—having about it a peculiarity that we know not how better to designate than as a converse of the picturesque. His characters are scratchy and irregular, ending with an abrupt taper—if we may be allowed this contradiction in terms, where we have the facsimile to prove that there is no contradiction in fact. All abrupt MSS., save this, have square or concise terminations of the letters. The whole chirography puts us in mind of a jig. We can fancy the writer jerking up his hand

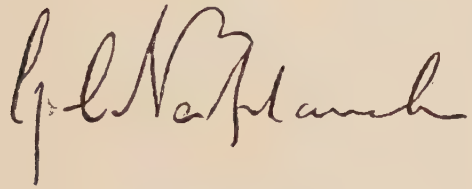
from the paper, at the end of each word, and, indeed, of each letter. What mental idiosyncrasy lies *perdu* beneath all this, is more than we can say, but we will venture to assert that Mr. Greeley (whom we do not know personally) is, personally, a very remarkable man.

The name of Washington Allston, the poet and painter, is one that has been long before the public. Of his paintings we have here nothing to say—except briefly, that the most noted of them are not to our taste. His poems are not all of a high order of merit; and, in truth, the faults of his pencil and of his pen are identical. Yet every reader will remember his "Spanish Maid" with pleasure, and the "Address to Great Britain," first published in Coleridge's *Sybillian Leaves*, and attributed to an English author, is a production of which Mr. Allston may be proud. His MS., not withstanding an exceedingly simple and even boyish air, is one which we particularly admire. It is forcible, picturesque and legible, without ornament of any description. Each letter is formed with a thorough distinctness and and individuality. Such a MS. indicates caution and precision, most unquestionably—but we say of it, as we say of Mr. Peabody's (a very different MS.), that no man of original genius ever did or could habitually indite it under any circumstances whatever. The signature conveys the general hand with accuracy.

John Greenleaf Whittier is placed by his particular admirers in the very front rank of American poets. We are not disposed, however, to agree with their decision in every respect. Mr. Whittier is a fine versifier, so far as strength is regarded, independently of modulation. His subjects, too, are usually chosen with the view of affording scope to a certain *vivida vis* of expression, which seems to be his *forte;* but in taste, and especially in imagination, which Coleridge has just styled the soul of all poetry, he is even remarkably deficient. His themes are never to our liking. His chirography is an ordinary clerk's hand, affording little indication of character.



Mr. Charles J. Peterson has for a long time been connected with the periodical literature of Philadelphia, as one of the editors of *Graham's Magazine* and of the *Saturday Evening Post*. His MS., when unhurried, is a very good one—clear, weighty and picturesque; but when carelessly written is nearly illegible, on account of a too slight variation of form in the short letters.



The name of Gulian C. Verplanck has long been familiar to all American readers, and it is scarcely necessary to say more than that we coincide in the general view of his merits. His orations, reviews and other compositions all evince the cultivated *belles lettres* scholar, and man of intellect and taste. To high genius, he has about the same claim as Mr. Sprague, whom, in many respects, he closely resembles. His chirography is unusually rambling and school-boyish, but has vigor and precision. It has no doubt been greatly modified by adventitious circumstances, so that it would be impossible to predicate anything respecting it.

Judge Conrad has distinguished himself both as a prose writer and a poet, not to speak of his high legal reputation. He has been a frequent contributor to the periodicals of this city, and, we believe, to one at least of the Eastern reviews. His first production which attracted general notice was a tragedy, entitled "Conrad, King of Naples." It was performed at the Arch Street

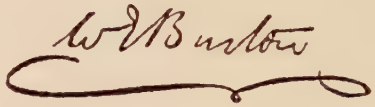
Theatre, and elicited applause from the more judicious. This play was succeeded by "Jack Cade," performed at the Walnut Street Theatre, and lately modified and reproduced under the title "Alymere." In its new dress, this drama has been one of the most successful ever written by an American, not only attracting crowded houses, but extorting the good word of our best critics. In occasional poetry Judge Conrad has also done well. His lines "On a Blind Boy Soliciting Charity" have been highly admired, and many of his other pieces evince ability of a high order. His political fame is scarcely a topic for these pages, and is, moreover, too much a matter of common observation to need comment from us. His MS. is neat, legible and forcible, evincing combined caution and spirit to a very remarkable degree.

P. P. Cooke, Esq., of Winchester, Va., is well known, especially in the South, as the author of numerous excellent contributions to the *Southern Literary Messenger*. He has written some of the finest poetry of which America can boast. A little piece of his, entitled "Florence Vane," and contributed to the *Gentleman's Magazine* of this city, during our editorship of that journal, was remarkable for the high ideality it

evinced, and the great delicacy and melody of its rythm. It was universally admired and copied, as well here as in England. We saw it not long ago, as original, in *Bentley's Miscellany*. Mr. Cooke has, we believe, nearly ready for press, a novel, called "Maurice Werterbern," whose success we predict with confidence. His MS. is clear, forcible and legible, but disfigured by some little of that affectation which is scarcely a blemish in his literary style.

Epes Sargent, Esq. has acquired high reputation as the author of "Velasco," a tragedy full of beauty as a poem, but not adapted—perhaps not intended—for representation. He has written, besides, many very excellent poems—"The Missing Ship," for example, published in the *Knickerbocker*—the "Night Storm at Sea,"—and, especially, a fine production, entitled "Shells and Sea Weeds." One or two Theatrical Addresses from his pen are very creditable in their way —but the way itself is, as we have before said, execrable. As an editor, Mr. Sargent has also distinguished himself. He is a gentleman of taste and high talent. His MS. is too much in the usual clerk style to be either vigorous, graceful, or easily read. It resembles Mr.

Wetmore's, but has somewhat more force. The signature is better than the general hand, but conveys its idea very well.

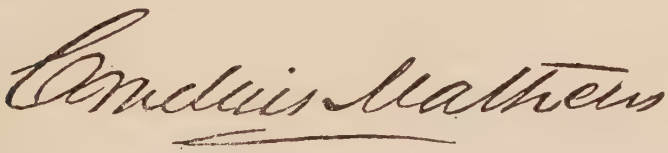


Mr. Burton is better shown as a comedian than as a literary man; but he has written many short prose articles of merit, and his quondam editorship of the *Gentleman's Magazine* would, at all events, entitle him to a place in this collection. He has, moreover, published one or two books. An annual, issued by Carey & Hart in 1840, consisted entirely of prose contributions from himself, with poetical ones from Charles West Thompson, Esq. In this work many of the tales were good. Mr. Burton's MS. is scratchy and *petite*, betokening indecision and care or caution. The whole chirography resembles that of Mr. Tasistro very nearly.

David Paul Brown, Esq., is scarcely more distinguished in his legal capacity than by his literary compositions. As a dramatic writer he has met with much success. His "Sertorius" has been particularly well received, both upon the stage and in the closet. His fugitive productions, both in prose and verse, have also been numerous, diversified and excellent. His chirog-

raphy has, no doubt, been strongly modified by the circumstances of his position. No one can expect a lawyer of good practice to give in his MS. any true indication of his intellect of character.

The name of Mr. Prosper M. Wetmore is familiar to all readers of American light literature. He has written a great deal, at various periods, both of prose and poetry (but principally in the latter), for our papers, magazines, and annuals. Of late days we have seen but little, comparatively speaking, from his pen. His MS. is like that of Fitz-Greene Halleck, but is by no means so good. Its clerky flourishes indicate a love of the beautiful with an undue straining for effect—qualities which are distinctly traceable in his poetic efforts. As many as five or six words are occasionally run together; and no man who writes thus will be noted for finish of style. Mr. Wetmore is sometimes very slovenly in his compositions.



Mr. Cornelius Mathews is one of the editors of "Arcturus", a monthly journal which has attained much reputation during the brief period of its existence. He

is the author of "Puffer Hopkins," a clever satirical tale, somewhat given to excess in caricature, and also of the well-written retrospective criticisms which appear in his Magazine. He is better known, however, by the "Motley Book," published some years ago—a work which we had no opportunity of reading. He is a gentleman of taste and judgment, unquestionably. His MS. is much to our liking—bold, distinct, and picturesque—such a hand as no one destitute of talent indites. The signature conveys the hand.

David Hoffman, of Baltimore, has not only contributed much and well to monthly magazines and reviews, but has given to the world several valuable publications in book form. His style is terse, pungent, and otherwise excellent, although disfigured by a half comic and half serious pedantry. His MS. has about it nothing strongly indicative of character.

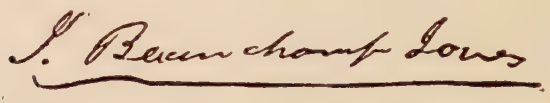
The chirography of Ex-President Adams (whose poem, "The Wants of Man," has, of late, attracted much attention), is remarkable for a certain steadiness of purpose pervading the whole, and overcoming even the constitutional tremulousness of the writer's hand.

Wavering in every letter, the MS. has yet a firm, regular, and decisive appearance. It is also very legible.

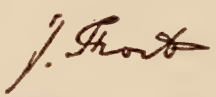
The name of William B. O. Peabody, like that of Mr. Wetmore, is known chiefly to the readers of our light literature, and much more familiarly to Northern than to Southern readers. He is a resident of Springfield, Mass. His occasional poems have been much admired. His chirography is what would be called beautiful by the ladies universally, and, perhaps, by a large majority of the bolder sex. Individually, we think it a miserable one—too careful, undecided, tapering, effeminate. It is not unlike Mr. Paulding's, but is more regular and more legible, with less force. We hold it is undeniable that no man of genius ever wrote such a hand.

Prof. Thomas R. Dew, of William and Mary College in Virginia, was one of the able contributors who aided to establish the *Southern Literary Messenger* in the days of his *début*. His MS. is precisely in keeping with his literary character. Both are heavy, massive, ornamented and diffuse in the extreme. His epistles seem to have been scrawled with the stump of a quill dipped in very thick ink, and one or two words

extend sometimes throughout a line. The signature is more compact than the general MS.



Mr. J. Beauchamp Jones has been, we believe, connected for many years past with the lighter literature of Baltimore, and at present edits the *Baltimore Saturday Visiter*, with much judgment and general ability. He is the author of a series of papers of high merit now in course of publication in the *Visiter*, and entitled "Wild Western Scenes." His MS. is distinct, and might be termed a fine one; but is somewhat too much in consonance with the ordinary clerk style to be either graceful or forcible.



John Frost, Professor of *Belles Lettres* in the High School of Philadelphia, has distinguished himself by numerous literary compositions for the periodicals of the day, and by a great number of published works which come under the head of *utile* rather than of *dulce* —at least in the estimation of the young. He is a gentleman of fine taste, sound scholarship, and great general ability. His chirography denotes his mental idiosyncrasy with great precision. Its careful neatness,

legibility and finish, are but a part of that turn of mind which leads him so frequently into compilation. The signature here given is more diminutive than usual.

Judge Story, and his various literary and political labors, are too well known to require comment. His chirography is a noble one—bold, clear, massive, and deliberate, betokening, in the most unequivocal manner, all the characteristics of his intellect. The plain, unornamented style of his compositions is impressed with accuracy upon his hand-writing, the whole air of which is well conveyed in the signature.

Mr. William Cutter, a young merchant of Portland, Maine, although not generally known as a poet beyond his immediate neighborhood (or at least out of the Eastern States), has given to the world numerous compositions which prove him to be possessed of the true fire. He is, moreover, a fine scholar, and a prose writer of distinguished merit. His chirography is very similar to that of Count Tasistro, and the two gentlemen resemble each other very peculiarly in their literary character.

No correct notion of Mr. Paulding's literary peculiarities can be obtained from an inspection of his MS., which, no doubt, has been strongly modified by adventitious circumstances. His small *a's*, *t's* and *c's*, are all alike, and the style of the characters generally is French, although the entire MS. has much the appearance of Greek text. The paper which he ordinarily uses is of a very fine glossy texture, and of a blue tint, with gilt edges. His signature is a good specimen of his general hand.

Mrs. R. S. Nichols has acquired much reputation, of late years, by frequent and excellent contributions to the magazines and annuals. Many of her compositions will be found in our pages. Her MS. is fair, neat and legible, but formed somewhat too much upon the ordinary boarding school model to afford any indication of character. The signature is a good specimen of the hand.

Professor Ware, of Harvard, has written some very excellent poetry, but is chiefly known by his "Life of the Saviour," "Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching,"

and other religious works. His MS. is fully shown in the signature. It evinces the direct, unpretending strength and simplicity which characterize the man, not less than his general compositions.

Mr. Charles Fenno Hoffman is the author of "A Winter in the West," "Greyslayer," and other productions of merit. At one time he edited, with much ability, the *American Monthly Magazine* in conjunction with Mr. Benjamin, and, subsequently, with Dr. Bird. He is a gentleman of talent. His chirography is not unlike that of Mr. Mathews. It has the same boldness, strength, and picturesqueness, but is more diffuse, more ornamented, and less legible. Our facsimile is from a somewhat hurried signature, which fails in giving a correct idea of the general hand.

Mr. Reynolds occupied, at one time, a distinguished position in the eye of the public, on account of his great and laudable exertions to get up the American

South Polar expedition, from a personal participation in which he was most shamefully excluded. He has written much, and well. Among other works, the public are indebted to him for a graphic account of the noted voyage of the frigate *Potomac* to Madagascar. His MS. is an ordinary clerk's hand, giving no indication of character.

WHO'S WHO IN

"A Chapter on Autography"

(in the order in which they appear)

Edgar Allan Poe, poet, short-story writer, and editor. Born, Boston, Mass., Jan. 9, 1809; died, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7, 1849.

Charles Anthon, Professor of Classic Tongues at Columbia. Born, New York, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1797; died, New York, N. Y., July 29, 1867.

Washington Irving, essayist, novelist, diplomat, historian. Born, New York, N. Y., April 3, 1783; died, Irvington, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1859.

Park Benjamin, poet and journalist. Born, Demarara, South America, Aug. 14, 1809; died, New York, N. Y., Sept. 12, 1864.

Nathaniel Parker Willis, poet and journalist; Editor of *The Mirror*. Born, Portland, Me., Jan. 20, 1806; died, Idlewild, N. Y., Jan. 20, 1867.

John Pendleton Kennedy, novelist and Secretary of the Navy. Born, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 25, 1795; died, Newport, R. I., Aug. 18, 1870.

Wrote "Horseshoe Robinson."

Mrs. *Lydia Huntley Sigourney*, poet. Born, Norwich, Conn. Sept. 1, 1791; died, Hartford, Conn., June 10, 1865.

Wrote "Beautiful Snow."

Robert Walsh. Born, Baltimore, Md., 1784; died, Feb., 7, 1859.

William Cullen Bryant, poet, Editor of the New York *Evening Post;* historian. Born, Cummington, Mass., Nov. 3, 1794; died, New York, N. Y., June 12, 1878.

Fitz-Green Halleck, poet. Born, Guilford, Conn., July 8, 1790; died, Guilford, Conn., Nov. 19, 1867.

Rufus Dawes, poet. Born, Boston, Mass., Jan. 26, 1803; died, Washington, D. C., Nov. 30, 1859.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, poet and professor. Born, Portland, Me., Jan. 27, 1807; died, Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882.

Edward Everett, orator and publicist. Born, Dorchester, Mass., April 11, 1794; died, Boston, Mass., Jan. 15, 1865.

William Gilmore Simms, novelist. Born, Charleston, S. C., April 17, 1806; died, Charleston, S. C., June 11, 1870.

Wrote "The Yemassee," "The Partisan," etc., novels of the South.

Rev. *Joseph Holt Ingraham,* clergyman. Born, Portland, Me., 1809; died from a pistol wound, Holley Springs, Miss., Dec. 1860.

Wrote "The Prince of the House of David" and many lurid tales of land and sea.

C. S. Henry, educator. Born, Rutland, Mass., Aug. 2, 1804; died, Newburgh, N. Y., March 7, 1888.

Mrs. *Emma Catherine Embury,* née *Manley,* poet. Born, N. Y. City, 1806; died, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1863.

Miss *Eliza Leslie,* author. Born, Philadelphia, Pa.,

Nov., 1867; died, Gloucester, N. J., Jan. 2, 1858.

Wrote a famous "Domestic Cookery Book."

Joseph Clay Neal, humorist. Born, Greenland, N. H., Feb. 3, 1807; died, Philadelphia, Pa., July 18, 1847.

Rufus Wilmot Griswold, critic and author. Born, Benson, Vt., Feb. 15, 1815; died, New York, N. Y., Aug. 27, 1857.

James Fenimore Cooper, novelist. Born, Burlington, N. J., Sept. 15, 1789; died, New York, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1851.

John Neal, author and poet. Born, Portland, Me., Aug. 25, 1797; died, Portland, Me., June 21, 1876.

Miss *Catherine Maria Sedgwick,* author. Born, Stockbridge, Mass., Dec. 28, 1789; died, Roxbury, Mass., July 31, 1867.

Francis Lieber, author, political economist. Born, Berlin, Prussia, March 18, 1800; died, New York, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1872.

Revised "The Articles of War" for the U. S. Army.

Rev. *Francis Lester Hawks,* clergyman. Born, Newbern, N. C., June 10, 1788; died, New York, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1866.

Wrote the official account of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan.

Rev. *John Pierpont,* poet and clergyman. Born, Litchfield, Conn., April 6, 1785; died, Medford, Mass., Aug. 27, 1866.

Grandfather of J. Pierpont Morgan, the First. Wrote some good hymns.

Henry William Herbert, author. Born, London,

England, April 7, 1807; died, New York, N. Y., May 17, 1858.

Wrote, as "Frank Forrester," much about outdoor life.

Mrs. *Catherine H. W. Esling,* née *Waterman,* author. Born, Philadelphia, Pa., April 12, 1812.

Wrote "The Young Lady's Friend," a manual of proper conduct.

Mrs. *Elizabeth Price Ellet,* née *Lummis,* author and poet. Born, Sodus, N. Y., October, 1818; died, New York, N. Y., June 3, 1877.

Wrote "Women of the American Revolution."

Judge *Mordecai M. Noah,* author, and journalist. Born, Philadelphia, Pa., July 19, 1885; died, New York, May 22, 1851.

Rev. *Orestes A. Brownson,* author and clergyman. Born, Stockbridge, Vt., Sept. 10, 1803; died, Detroit, Mich., April 17, 1876.

Judge *Beverly Tucker,* author, and journalist. Born, Matcox, Va., Sept, 6, 1784; died, Winchester, Va., Aug. 26, 1851.

John Sanderson, editor. Born, Carlisle, Pa., 1783; died, Philadelphia, Pa., April 5, 1844.

Miss *Hannah Flagg Gould,* poet. Born, Lancaster, Mass., 1789; died, Newburyport, Mass., Sept. 5, 1865.

F. W. Thomas, novelist. Born, Providence, R. I., Oct. 25, 1808; died, Washington, D. C., Sept. 30, 1866.

Robert Morris, poet. Born, Washington, D. C., May 12, 1824.

Seba Smith, humorist. Born, Buckfield, Me., Sept. 14, 1792; died, Patchogue, L. I., July 29, 1868.

Creator of *Major Jack Downing.*

Judge *Joseph Hopkinson,* author and jurist. Born, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 12, 1770; died, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 15, 1842.

Wrote "Hail Columbia."

Lieut. *Alexander Slidell Mackenzie,* author and naval officer. Born, New York, N. Y., April 6, 1803; died, Tarrytown, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1848.

John Graham Palfrey, professor and historian. Born, Boston, Mass., May 2, 1796; died, Cambridge, Mass., April 24, 1881.

Dr. *Robert Montgomery Bird,* physician, author and playwright. Born, Newcastle, Del., 1803; died, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 22, 1854.

Rev. *William Ellery Channing,* Unitarian clergyman, author, humanitarian. Born, Newport, R. I., April, 7, 1780; died, Bennington, Vt., Oct. 2, 1842.

Col. *William Leete Stone,* editor and biographer. Born, New Paltz, N. Y., April 20, 1792; died, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1844.

Jared Sparks, professor and historian. Born, Willington, Conn., May 10, 1789; died, Cambridge, Mass., March 14, 1866.

Collected the correspondence of George Washington.

Hugh Swinton Legare, jurist. Born, Charleston, S. C., Jan. 2, 1797; died, Boston, Mass., June 20, 1843.

Joseph R. Chandler, editor. Born, Kingston, Mass., Aug. 25, 1792; died, Philadelphia, Pa., July 10, 1880.

Count *L. Fitzgerald Tasistro,* poet. Born, Ireland, about 1807; died, 1868.

Dr. *J. K. Mitchell.* Born, Halifax, Eng., 1825; died, Cambridge, Mass., July 9, 1868.

Mrs. *Sara Josepha Hale,* author and editor. Born, Newport, N. H., Oct. 24, 1782; died, Philadelphia, Pa., April 20, 1879.

Andrew McMackin (no information obtainable.)

Albert Pike, author, lawyer and soldier. Born, Boston, Mass., Dec. 27, 1809; died, Washington, D. C., April 2, 1891.

Richard Adams Locke, editor and author. Born, New York, N. Y., 1800; died, Staten Island, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1871.

Wrote the celebrated "Moon Hoax" for the N. Y. *Sun.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet and philosopher. Born, Boston, Mass., May 25, 1803; died, Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882.

Dr. *James McHenry,* author. Born, Larue County, Antrim, Ireland, Dec. 20, 1785; died, July 21, 1845.

Lambert A. Wilmer, author. Born Kent County, Md., 1805; died, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 21, 1863.

George Henry Calvert, poet and journalist. Born, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 2, 1802; died, Newport, R. I., May 24, 1889.

William Davis Gallagher, poet and journalist. Born, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 21, 1808; died,

Oliver Wendell Holmes, poet, humorist, and physician. Born, Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809; died, Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 7, 1894.

Richard Penn Smith, editor. Born, Philadelphia, Pa., March, 1789; died, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 12, 1854.

General *George P. Morris,* poet and journalist. Born, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 10, 1802; died, New York, N. Y., July 6, 1864.

Wrote "Woodman, Spare that Tree."

N. C. Brooks, born Cecil County, Md. (No other information obtainable.)

Bishop *George Washington Doane.* Born, Trenton, N. J. May 27, 1797; died, Burlington, N. J., April 27, 1859.

Henry T. Tuckerman, essayist and art critic. Born, Boston, Mass., April 20, 1813; died, New York, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1871.

Theodore Sedgwick Fay, author and diplomat. Born, New York, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1807; died, Berlin, Germany, Nov. 24, 1898.

Richard Henry Dana, poet. Born, Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 15, 1787; died, Boston, Mass., Feb. 2, 1879.

Wrote "The Buccaneer." Father of the author of "Two Years Before the Mast."

Grenville Mellen, author. Born, Biddeford, Me., June 10, 1779; died, New York, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1841.

George Lunt, poet. Born, Newburyport, Mass., Dec. 31, 1803; died, Boston, Mass., May 17, 1885.

Richard Henry Wilde, editor. Born, Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 24, 1789; died, New Orleans, Sept. 10, 1847.

Charles Sprague, poet. Born, Boston, Mass., Oct. 26, 1791; died, Boston, Mass., Jan. 22, 1875.

Alfred Billings Street, author. Born, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 18, 1811; died, Albany, N. Y., June 2, 1881.

Wrote "Frontenac" and other epics of the French and Indian War.

Horace Greeley, journalist. Born, Amherst, N. H., Feb. 11, 1811; died, Pleasantville, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1872.

Founder and Editor of the New York *Tribune*.

Washington Allston, artist. Born, Waccamaw, S. C., Nov. 5, 1779; died, Cambridge, Mass., July 9, 1843.

John Greenleaf Whittier, poet. Born, Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807; died, Hampton Falls, N. H., Sept. 7, 1892.

Charles Jacobs Peterson, author and publisher. Born, Philadelphia, Pa., July 20, 1819; died, Philadelphia, Pa., March 4, 1887.

Founded *Peterson's Magazine*.

Gulian Crommelin Verplanck, author and teacher. Born, New York, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1786; died, New York, N. Y., March 18, 1870.

R. T. Conrad, jurist. Born, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 10, 1810; died, Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 27, 1858.

P. P. Cooke, author. Born, Martinsburg, Va., Oct. 26, 1816; died, Boyce, Va., Jan. 21, 1850.

Epes Sargent, author and editor. Born, Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 27, 1812; died, Boston, Mass., Dec. 31, 1880.

Editor of the Boston *Transcript.*

William Evans Burton, actor and humorist. Born, London, Eng., Sept. 24, 1804; died, New York, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1860.

Founded *The Gentleman's Magazine.*

David Paul Brown, author. Born, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 28, 1795; died, Philadelphia, Pa., July 11, 1872.

Prosper M. Wetmore, author. Born, Stratford, Conn., Feb. 14, 1798; died, East Neck, L. I., March 16, 1876.

Cornelius Mathews, (no information obtainable.)

David Hoffman, jurist. Born, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 25, 1784; died, New York, N. Y., Nov. 11, 1854.

John Quincy Adams, statesman, President of the United States. Born, Braintree, Mass., July 11, 1767; died, Washington, D. C., Feb. 23, 1848.

Oliver William Bourn Peabody, author. Born, Exeter, N. H., July 9, 1799; died, Burlington, Vt., July 5, 1848.

Thomas R. Dew, poet. Born, King and Queen, Va., Dec. 5, 1802; died, Paris, France, Aug. 6, 1846.

J. Beauchamp Jones, author. Born, Baltimore, Md., 1810.

John Frost, historian. Born, Kennebunk, Me., Jan. 26, 1800; died, Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 28, 1859.

Father of A. B. Frost, the artist.

Joseph Story, jurist. Born, Marblehead, Mass., Sept. 18, 1799; died, Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 10, 1845.

G. William Cutter, poet. Born, Portland, Me., died, Washington, D. C., Dec. 24, 1865.

Joseph Kirk Paulding, author. Born, Nine Partners, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1779; died, Hyde Park, N. Y., April 6, 1860.

Mrs. *Rebecca S. Nichols*, née *Reed*, authoress. Born, Greenwich, N. J., Aug. 1820; died, Indianapolis, Ind.

Wrote as "Kate Cleveland."

Henry Ware Jr., clergyman and author. Born, Hingham, Mass., April 21, 1794; died, Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 22, 1843.

Charles Fenno Hoffman, author. Born, New York, N. Y., 1806; died, Harrisburg, Pa., June 7, 1884.

Founded the *Knickerbocker Magazine*.

Reynolds, (no information obtainable.)